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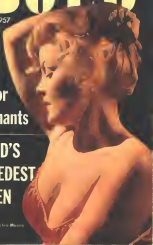
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MARCH 1957

The
Glamor
Merchants

WORLD'S
WICKEDEST
WOMEN

by John M. Brown



Ankle-deep in water is Wilma Hurst. Judging from her attitude, that's just about as deep as she had better go.



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THIS BUSINESS OF PIN-UPS

The male's last line of defense in the war against reality is a booming pin-up industry.

By BOB FARLSON

Few red-blooded males have not, at some time or other, either at college, in the Service, or in a lonely bachelor apartment, lit a votive candle at the shrine of some photogenic feminine fleshpot. From the sultry Theda Bara of the turbulent Twenties to the plump plenitude of Marilyn Monroe, a whole generation of American males has made the pious pilgrimage in search of the eternal feminine, of the dream-made flesh.

In the early Thirties, the tall, angular, almost boyish ideal prevailed, the woman whose charm lay in a certain severity of appearance. She had a slender waist and close-cut hair, a passion for slacks and sweaters and long, brisk walks in the freezing air. She was, and is, the ultra-modern sophisticate, her proudest boast being that she can hold her own with any man in the

Garnold Jardon is the playful type of pin-up. She'd make a wacky adversary in any rough-and-tumble pillow fight.



Only an idiot would try to look for a needle in this handsomely-adorned haystack. A country girl with a track, wholesome charm, Shirley Dye is the kind of pin-up who reminds a fellow of how nice things were back on the farm. Might even get a man to wondering why he ever decided to leave home.

...PIN-UPS

world. Her most cherished slogan is "equality."

Then in the Forties, the fashion suddenly reverses itself. You see long hair falling gracefully on soft shoulders. Your heart gladdens at the return of large hips and voluptuously flowing curves. Your spirit affirms the fitness and beauty, the natural wisdom of the ample bosom and the sweetly pouting lips, red as a rose and infinitely tender.

Between these two extremes, the boyish buddy and the feminine vamp, male desire eternally oscillates. It has been the primary aim of pin-up purvey-



... PIN-UPS

Abbe Lane, an athletic specimen, looks strong enough to swim a mile. The sport-loving male may find her vitality a ready match for his own.

ora, from the old Police Gazette cutie with her high button shoes to the life-size technicolor siren of today, to gauge, sassy and cater to the fluctuating demands of desire.

The bathing beauty has been a persistent favorite over the years. Tall or short, light or dark, lean or toothsome, she combines the rugged bloom of outdoor health with a costume scant enough to suggest a strip-tease dance by a modern Salome.

The domestic pin-up is another popular type. Lounging coolly on a couch or sprawling carelessly on a bed, her appeal is more direct, less ambiguous. Male desire is more clearly focused on the object of its affec-

Cedl Gray (r) exudes a different sort of appeal as she tangles up to keep warm in scant apparel. She crosses male's protective instinct.





... PIN-UPS

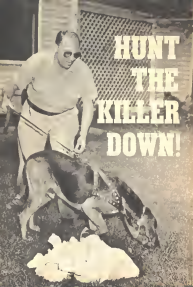
tion in surroundings which are truly provocative.

While fashions change and pin-ups come and go, the need they satisfy remains forever the same. From primitive man to his harassed modern off-spring, that need has persisted. A flourishing pin-up industry is a tribute to the male's inexhaustible capacity for dreaming himself out of reality. Ero

in a smartly refitted suit, Rita Moreno (7) was herself against the old water wheel. Here is the charm and appeal of devoted sun-worshippers.

Blonde, honey-dipped Anne Heywood puts her best foot forward as a motanque pinup. She can be seen in United Artists' *Hidden Fear*.





HUNT THE KILLER DOWN!



Bloodhounds (L) helped in angry search for escaped convicts. Posse (above R) was rapidly formed and deployed by state troopers. Fast fact: Demag was a convicted killer ceased active time to action (above L), kept up relentless search till convicts were caught.

A quiet New England community erupted with violence in a hunt for two escaped killers.

By DICK WHICH

THE PRISON escape alarm went off at 6:30 A.M. By 7 A.M. the posse had been formed, the bloodhounds were straining at their leashes, the manhunt was on . . .

They were out in the clear now, Blair driving the ten-ton truck they'd used to smash through the double boiler-plate doors of the Vermont State Prison, his feet pressed down to the floor board, Demag beside him, grimly jubilant, the huge tires whirling over the early morning road, carrying them to freedom . . .

"Who'd a thought we'd make it," Demag said.

"We ain't out of it yet," Blair replied.

"What's eatin' you?"

"Nothin'," Blair said, thinking with a slight, involun-



Carricks smashed through the set of double doors by driving a heavy truck through it. The momentum tore the door off hinges and carried it 60 feet



HUNT THE KILLER DOWN!

tary shudder of the grim pose and the bloodhounds.

The motor began to sputter fitfully. The fuel gauge read empty. Demag's smile faded into a tight-lipped frown. He started to curse.

"Shut up," Blair said, pulling the truck off the road and stopping it at the edge of a ditch. "Now, get out," he ordered. "We'll have to get it out of sight." He released the emergency brake and let it go.

"What's next?" Demag asked.

Blair had to fight for control. It wasn't the question so much as the way it was asked, in a childish, helpless way. His first impulse was to strangle the life out of Demag. But what would that prove, he thought, except that my nerves are cracking too?

After the escape and strange murder of the old woman, the prison security system (I) was expanded to include roofs and walk-talkie system. The outer walls of the prison were heightened to frustrate any future breaks.

Instead, he wiped his tracks clean and started down the road, motioning for Demag to follow him. After he'd gone a few hundred feet, he stopped, jumped onto a rock, then across the ditch to the edge of the woods. Demag following swiftly behind him.

For the next few hours they plowed through the brush, heading in a southwesterly direction. A little before dark, they came across a house in a clearing surrounded by trees. Blair crept close to make a preliminary survey. Just a man and a woman. Then they settled down

to wait for darkness.

Blair woke Demag several hours later. They peered for a moment at the back door. Blair held a length of iron pipe he'd found in the woods. He tried the door. It was open.

Inside, Blair groped around in the dark while Demag stood poised in the doorway. A dog barked in the yard. Both men froze and waited, gripped with fear.

Voices came from the other room. Then footsteps approached. The kitchen light went on and a man entered. Blair sprang at him, striking his head with the length of pipe. The man went down on his knees, tried to rise again. Blair struck once more, quickly.

From the other room, they heard a scream. Footsteps approached, then turned away again. Blair rushed in, brandishing his weapon. The woman, in a panic, ran



After capture, Francis Blair (above) admitted slaying of a woman and the beating of her husband the night before, as state trooper holds murder weapon. Prisoners (below) sit between court attendants awaiting their justice during Blair trial for brutal slaying.



HUNT THE KILLER DOWN!

for the bathroom. Blair caught her at the door, struck her once, twice, swiftly. As she sank to her knees, the old fury burst within him. He struck her again and again, till she lay lifeless in a pool of blood.

For a few moments, he stood staring at the corpse and the blood-stained room. He gasped in amazed horror at the pipe in his hand. Like a living thing, it dripped blood!

Then Demag was shouting something in his ear, pulling him away, out into the night.

Blair spent the next day in brooding silence. Every now and then, huddled under a tree or curled up in the hayloft of an abandoned stable, he would mention the hounds, how they were after him, how he could hear them, smell them, coming closer and closer.

On the fourth day, Blair woke shortly after dawn and stood in the doorway of the barn they'd slept in. He shook Demag "They're coming. I hear them."

Demag crouched with his ear close to the earth and listened. He heard nothing. But the silence made him uneasy, frightened.

"Let's get out of here," he said.

"It's no use," Blair said, helplessly.

An hour later, Blair and Demag heard the dogs, then the sound of voices, shots, the order to come out or else.

Blair came out first, slowly, his hands above his head, followed by Demag, straight into the glare of pointed rifles. The dogs sniffed at Blair's blood-stained trouser legs and barked furiously . . .

Back in custody, both men were tried. Since Blair had committed murder and Demag had been an accessory, each met the same fate—the electric chair. End



TABOO

A sex evaluation of female attire—or why men drool over girls in black negligées.

CLOTHES rank among women's most potent weapons. They hide her defects, accentuate her assets, and in general make the parts of her anatomy which are of interest to the male—of greater interest.

To achieve these results, certain techniques are employed which are obvious—as the tight skirt, the taut sweater front, or the tantalizingly-low neck-line.

But another line of sex-appeal, the "taboo" influ-

The color of black itself has become a fetish—since it is associated with underthings, as worn by Barbara Nichols (l.). Long hair through the eyes also has become symbolic for sexiness. Girl pulling at tresses (r.) is Lilianne Brousse.

TO YOU





Certain items of female attire are usually hidden from the masculine eye—and therefore have special sex significance when they are seen. This is true with Maria English's black lace slip (above), and Joan Collins' lingerie (r.). In the other, both girls are cooler than in more revealing bathing suits—the suits are not fetishes.

TABOO...

once on clothes, is inordinately subtle. It depends on the types of clothes women have either been forbidden to wear, or forbidden to wear in the presence of males. The latter category would include such items as lingerie or a negligée. Most men are not accustomed to seeing women parade around in negligées—that is a secret, more mysterious part of woman's attire. On the other hand, males are used to seeing girls on beaches



in minute bathing togs. The result is that a man will get more kicks out of seeing a girl in a negligée than seeing the same girl in a swimsuit. This will be true even if the suit is more revealing—simply because the frilly nightwear represents the forbidden part of her intimate, personal wardrobe.

Other forms of female fashions have become taboo items through historical significance. Like black in women's clothes, long black hair, excessive lace, or extremely high heels. Once these were all trademarks of the courtesan and streetwalker. She employed them



TABOO...

as enticements for her profession.

But as time passed, more and more females adapted these various elements into their wardrobes. Now, even though long black hair and the like are quite acceptable, that original sexual significance remains.

Actually, in past generations, so today, women always have taken great care to reveal what is supposedly forbidden. That's a trick which has proved effective against men since the Stone Age.

END

Black lace stockings, as worn by Sarah Arden (7), have fetish appeal from days when they were worn only by French prostitutes. Alton Gaynor's picture (1) contains all manner of fetich in the book, including garters and high heels.



SAVAGE ART

The aborigines of Australia express their art in the implements of their primitive existence.

SOME PEOPLE undoubtedly think that art can only be created by educated, civilized people. But the truth is that many primitives exhibit a level of creative ability that modern man is hard put to equal.

One reason can be found in the association of magic and art in the minds of superstitious tribes. To make a sketch of something, for example, is to make a magical reproduction of it—which is why so many natives fear having their picture taken by a camera.

One of the most primitive peoples on earth are the aborigines of Australia. Klong out a bare, nomadic living, hunting and foraging much the same as they have for thousands of years—these tribesmen display remarkable artistic ability in their everyday life, as these sketches show.



Even in war, the aborigine displays artistic ability, as in shield used against other tribes. Effective in warding off spears, it is the only form of armor used by natives. Each shield is proudly decorated in bright colors according to the individual totem of man who wields it.



Paintings were done with colored ochers and charcoal on strips of bark. Such creations were made up by artists for their own amusement only. Forest of these "bark drawings," are found near the Alligator River. They were produced by the Kokoda tribe.



Surgery was also practiced by the tribesmen, sometimes for operating, sometimes for ceremonial purposes. The instruments are flaked from flint, and use of razor sharpeners. The native method of treating wounds was to cut wound and then fill it with hot oysters or clay.



Witchcraft was strong native for good craftsmanship. One example is the "bone" which was supposed to kill a man when pointed at him by a witch doctor. Usually, it is a small, ornamented piece of bone with painted ends.

S.O.S. FIRE AT SEA!



The battle against one of man's most ancient enemies—fire—is waged on by daring Coast Guard vessels, here battling for life the night to extinguish costly blazes along East Coast waterfront.

By GEORGE CRANE

To a seaman, one of the deadliest dangers aboard ship is fire. But countless lives have been saved by the daring, split-second operations of Coast Guard rescue patrols.



THE FISHING TRAWLER knives through the calm night sea. Back aft in the galley, the ship's cook prepares to bake some doughnuts for the crew's breakfast. As he is setting the huge kettle of grease on the stove, his hand slips and some of the oily liquid splashes onto the flames. There is a crackling flash, and the next instant, the whole kettle is ablaze.

The old man gasps, leaps back, and the flaming pot crashes to the deck, spewing liquid flame all over the small room. Screaming, the fat old sea cook scrambles



Special fire-fighting gear is checked aboard ship (above) as it speeds across Atlantic to answer a distress call. On dangerous choppy seas, sometimes only way to evacuate personnel from a damaged or a burning vessel, is by use of a breeches buoy—a line stretched between boats that allows passengers to slide to safety.



S.O.S.

up the ladder, the heat already scorching his back.

Out on deck, the shrill voice rips the night with the sailor's most dreaded alarm: "Fire! Fire!" And behind him, tongues of flame are licking at the open door, the galley is a spattering inferno.

Some twenty miles away, on the shores of a great city, a radio alarm is received at the Coast Guard's Rescue Coordination Center. The message sets off an instantaneous flurry of activity. In seconds, the stricken ship's position is located on a large-scale, ten-foot-high "Plot Map," and the nearest Coast Guard vessel is dispatched to the scene.

Out at sea, the whole after section of the trawler is a mass of flames and oily smoke by the time the Coast Guard Cutter arrives. The burning vessel's lifeboats are ruined, and the crew is jumping over the side into the freezing, flame-lit water. Two crewmen in life-jackets swim toward the floundering sea cook who is screaming with pain and hysteria. Together, they support the old man until a line is thrown.

Within half an hour, the trawler's crew and officers are all safely aboard the Coast Guard Cutter. The rescue vessel stands by, constantly playing fire hoses over the flaming wreckage until there is nothing left but a smoking, burned-out hulk. Then a detailed report of the operation is radioed to the Rescue Coordination Center, and the Cutter swiftly heads for port with its human cargo.

At the Rescue Center, a constant check is kept on the Plot Map of various strategically-located merchant vessels as they cross the Atlantic Ocean or ply the coastal

S.O.S.

routes of North and Central America. A ships' plot card index lists over 2400 of these vessels and contains detailed information about them. Many ships radio weather data (and their position) to the Coast Guard every six hours while at sea to help keep the Center prepared for emergencies. From this data, a continuous plot of the vessel's course, speed, and position is kept with reasonable accuracy.

Thus, when another distress call came into the Center, less than half an hour after the successful completion of the fishing trawler rescue operation, all personnel again were ready to meet the emergency without the slightest delay.

The second call came from a tramp steamer en route from the Azores to Bermuda. It was another fire at sea.

Patrols of the Coast Guard range as far north as Alaska. Here, a Cutter (below) picks up a lifeboat full of Eskimos who had been marooned without food after being caught in blizzard.



The ship's position was relayed to the nearest Ocean Station—a 100-square-mile area which is continually patrolled by Coast Guard Cutter. One of these vessels immediately was dispatched to the burning steamer.

The small cargo ship was listing badly to starboard when the Cutter reached it. When the Coast Guard craft had anchored at a safe distance from the roaring blaze, a crewman lobbed a weighted line to the deck of the stricken steamer. The line was made fast, then a seaman signaled the Cutter, and the Coast Guardsmen put a breeches buoy over the side and sent it swinging over the line.

When it reached the burning ship, one of the seamen climbed onto the dangling life-saver, eased his legs

The crew of blazing ship (below) safe aboard the rescue vessel. Coast Guardsmen now turn fire hoses against the raging inferno.





Crewman injured in fire is put aboard Coast Guard plane which will take him to hospital. Fast rescue operation had saved his life.

S.O.S.

into the breeches, and was hauled, bobbing and awaying in the stiff breeze, to safety. Back and forth went the busy buoy, as each sweating crewman and officer took his turn. When the last man finally had been taken aboard the Cutler, the buoy was hauled in and the line was cut, setting the blazing hulk adrift.

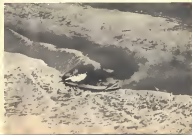
But the Coast Guardsmen's job was by no means finished. After sending an alarm to all other vessels in the area warning of the danger, they maintained an all-right vigil, following the flaming wreck until it finally ran aground on a deserted section of beach where it could burn itself out without endangering other ships.

It was long after dawn before the exhausted Coast Guardsmen could set a course for home. Hard work and guts had prevented another horrible tragedy on the high seas. **END**



His face mirroring the pain of his burns, injured seaman (above) is carried on stretcher. All hands were rescued from burning vessel.

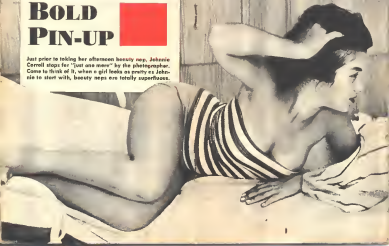
Until flaming vessel runs aground, it is surveyed by air by Coast Guard, to prevent danger of another ship accidentally hitting it.



BOLD PIN-UP



Just prior to taking her afternoon beauty nap, Jeanne Carroll stops for "just one more" by the photographer. Come to think of it, when a girl looks as pretty as Jeanne to start with, beauty naps are totally superfluous.





By ADAM LINDSTROM

HISTORY HAS PICTURED LUCREZIA BORGIA as one of the most evil women who ever lived, guilty of every black deed in the lexicon of crime, from incest to infanticide. Her superb mastery of the art of administering poison has been the horror and envy of the ages. A score of former lovers were eased into their graves with her famous "secret" weapon . . . arsenic.

During the reign of Catherine the Great of Russia, it was said that the road to advancement in the army lay through the bedroom door of the Empress. After disposing of her weak, unstable playmate, Peter, she formed a hand-picked guard of tall, handsome young men, each of whom at some time or other courted the royal favor. Potemkin, soldier of fortune and Don Juan extraordinary, even rose to the rank of general.

But to prove that the past has no monopoly on feminine evil, *Wicked* offers the records of eight Twentieth-century agents, women whose criminal depravity shows, if anything, an even greater capacity for evil.

The infamous Elze Koch (below) stands trial for atrocities committed during World War II. Marie Becker (r.) of Liege, Belgium, stands in prisoner's dock as her trial opened in 1938. She was a poisoner.



WORLD'S

Here's a gallery of eight modern female rogues whose exploits demonstrate that in all ages "hell hath no fury" like a woman.

WICKEDEST WOMEN

1. At fifteen, Elze Koch was a quiet, attractive girl working in a cigarette factory in Dresden. At 43, still plumply attractive, she was on trial for her life as the demon mistress of Buchenwald who used lampshades made of human skin to light her living room. The Nuremberg trials in 1947 revealed that she also had human heads, shrunk to a quarter of their normal size, decorating the sideboard in the dining room where she and her family ate and chatted. (cont'd)



«LEONORITA»
CATHERINE II.

Catherine the Great (above) showered favors on a succession of lovers. Her enormous capacity for love became their ticket to success and advancement in the turbulent Eighteenth Century.

... WICKEDEST WOMEN

Despite her pleas of innocence and her cunning pretense of insanity, the court condemned her to prison for life, while an angry mob shouted, "Kill her!"

2. Anna Marie Hahn, a pretty, blonde ex-schoolmistress, lusted herself as an angel of mercy. In fact, her love for humanity was so great that, in the brief space of eight years, she relieved a dozen old men of the necessity of living—in return for a modest remuneration of fifty thousand dollars. So keen was her sense of justice that, when sentenced to the electric chair,



Antonette Scarsi (left) and her accomplice, Rosella Gail, were held on a charge of poisoning six persons. Though Antonette tried to throw the blame on Rosella in the slummy trial that took place in 1933, the jury found her guilty and she was sentenced to life in prison.

she requested and obtained permission to hold a party for the crime reporters who had given her such a "fine" show at the trial.

3. Antonette Scarsi, a steady-eyed practicing nurse with a gypsy face and thick black hair, was another accomplished purveyor of poison. Of all her victims, the disclosures concerning the death of her former

lover was the most macabre. After she had poisoned him, her remorse was so great that she wept, picked him up in her arms, held him to her massive bosom, and danced the corpse around the living room.

4. Despite overwhelming evidence of her guilt, Jeanne Weber, a quiet and soft-spoken French housewife and mother, was twice acquitted of six child murders. But when she strangled yet another infant, throttled him and bit out his tongue, she was finally brought to justice. In the end she became her own executioner. One morning she was found dead, her long, claw-like fingers clutching her own lifeless neck.

5. "I have a surprise for you," Grete Heier had whispered to her ardent suitor.

He closed his eyes and waited with anxious expectation. When his lips parted in an effort to express his happiness, Grete thrust the muzzle of a pistol in his mouth and pulled the trigger.

Grete's trial was swift. On the stroke of midnight,

... WICKEDEST WOMEN

she was summoned from her lonely prison cot and led to the executioner's block. A coldly-calculating murderess at twenty-three, she paid for her crimes with her lovely, angelic head.

8. Belle Gunness, a widow who lived with her three children on an Indian farm, was homely enough to "stop a wheel barrow." But she had an infallible gimmick for attracting men. She put an ad in the paper describing herself as a "rich, good-looking woman" seeking a "gentleman of wealth; object matrimony."

More than twenty victims jumped at the lure. She murdered each in swift order, backed up their bodies and buried the remains in her garden.

When a fire burned down her farm, her own headless corpse was found in the ruins among her victims.

9. When police finally arrested Marie Becker, they found in her handbag a phial containing digitals. During the trial, it was difficult to believe that this kindly-looking widow of 58 had committed 12 cold-blooded murders by poisoning. Despite her insistent pleas of innocence, the Belgian jury found her guilty and sen-

tenced her to a life term.

10. Vera Rensel was a murderess with a highly developed passion for order. She not only murdered two husbands, thirty-two lovers and her own son but placed their bodies in specially designed coffins kept in a crypt beneath the mansion she lived in.

A psychiatrist at her trial was asked whether a man or a woman was more cruel by nature. He said: "Given a man and a woman equally devoid of moral character, I believe the woman will be found more cruel."

How much of this is made prejudice and how much solid truth, no one can say. But the question, forever unanswerable, lingers hauntingly in the mind. **END**

Attorney Joseph Hoodin confers with his client, Mrs. Anna Hahn, (below). She went to the electric chair for poisoning 12 old men.



Lucretia Borgia (above) has been called the most evil woman in history. While she specialized in poisoning, her wicked career included every crime in the book.



Belle Gunness let run up a total of more than twenty-two victims, before a fire burned her farm down and revealed corpses. She was among them.



BOLD COVER GIRL

Someday, they'll "discover" Cleo Moore. Someday, they'll speak of this "exciting new screen personality" and of her "overnight success." Success is always supposed to come overnight. The truth is rarely admitted —

that for most stars, as for Cleo, fame is a hard-fought, elusive goal, and many girls drop forgotten by the wayside. As for Cleo,

her career so far has been playing Bad Girls in a succession of B films. Critics, even though they disliked everything else in the "pot-boilers," admitted she showed acting ability. But



BOLD COVER GIRL

nothing happened. No *Prince Charming* came offering a top-notch role. Instead, the B roles went on and on. Now, Cleo has saved enough to finance her own movie, and will find out if this gal Moore really has what it takes to become a star. Odds are she'll make it. Perhaps





BOLD COVER GIRL

unknowns just step casually into leading roles. Perhaps. But more likely, most stars have backgrounds similar to Cleg's —for only from such hardships are real actresses born. **END**



Americans love sports—but at same time we're cheasy. And we don't support a laser.

by TOM FARRISH

THE AMERICAN SPORTS FAN is the greatest enthusiast in the world. If you don't believe it, just ask one. But what if you don't believe him? How to check up?

Well, the answer is a bit complicated. In the first place, the average American is so convinced that he's an outstanding follower of sports that he'd probably think you're crazy for even questioning him. If you drop around to his home on Friday nights, for example, you'll see him comfortably curled up in his living room—and being an active sports fan, all right, because he'll be watching the fights on TV.

If for some reason he isn't home when you call, just go around to the neighborhood tavern. Your quarry will be there, along with other red-blooded sportsmen, watching the TV set that's perched high over the beer taps. To show how thoroughly he's engrossed in the proceedings on the screen, he'll even give vent to an

U.S. track and field performers are tops. But they draw bigger crowds in Europe (above) than here at home. This picture was taken during 1936 Olympics. Sometimes even baseball doesn't attract American crowds. These yawning stands (below) held only 1,357 fans for a game between Brooklyn and Cincinnati.



WHAT'S WRONG

WITH SPORTS FANS



Sometimes you can be a dedicated sports fan in solid comfort. How? Just drop around to your friendly neighborhood tavern.

... SPORTS FANS

occasional cheer. If he happens to be served a fresh beer in consequence, that just means he's lucky.

But if, by some remarkable coincidence, your sports fan is not in the neighborhood tavern and it happens to be a fine summer evening, go out to the local ball park. Maybe—just maybe—he'll be there in person. If he is there, it means that his team is leading the league (or is about to lead the league). It doesn't necessarily mean he likes baseball—or the local team.

Everybody likes a winner, they say—and if you've got a winner in anything (even, perhaps, drop-pumping) you can attract some kind of crowd. But if you're not much better than pretty good, you might as well close up shop. That's what the Philadelphia Athletics did a few years ago. They discovered that people were in-



A good many U.S. fans like to "ride" performers. Here Boston's Ted Williams answers criticism with his celebrated "\$5,000 apiece."

terested in winning teams, not baseball itself, so they headed west. It won't take the A's long to discover that things aren't very much different in Kansas City. They'd be the adobe of Missouri and Kansas if, by suspension of the law of probabilities, they won the American League flag. But if they keep on losing, they might as well head back to Connie Mack Stadium.

Where the U.S. sports fan really falls down, however, is in attendance at track and field meets. It's an especially sad failure because the U.S. produces the world's finest performers, and has for the past fifty years. But it's embarrassing to look at a picture taken at any ordinary meet: somebody may be going over the bar at fifteen feet, but the background will consist solely of empty stands. Some of the most remarkable world records have been set before an audience consisting entirely of officials and competitors. (Cont'd.)



Sometimes U.S. spectators show their colorful side. At Brooklyn's Ebbets Field you'll find organized fan bands, like this teen-age combo above. But for real dedication, go to Europe. At Helsinki, Finland, 70,000 people clustered under umbrellas (below) to watch the opening of the 1952 Olympics. For them, it was just routine.



... SPORTS FANS

When the Olympic tryouts come along, attendance does perk up, it's true. But, as you might expect, that doesn't mean that Americans have realized what marvelous events track-and-field competition offers. It simply indicates that they want to see the boys the U.S. is going to pit against the rest of the world.

Even if your sports fan were to grant that he doesn't always get out to see things first hand, he'll still claim that he roots his head off when he does show up. We've all heard about the loyalty and enthusiasm of Brooklyn Dodger fans, haven't we? Yet when the Dodgers battled the Reds not long ago, only a thousand people were on hand, and most of the noise was supplied by the peanut men—who didn't have a good day either.

The sad fact is that the American fan is outclassed by a good many of his confreres in other parts of the world. In Melbourne, Australia, for example, the cricket oval seats 110,000 persons—about 30,000 more than Cleveland's Municipal Stadium, the largest U.S. baseball field. And it isn't very often that seats go to waste in Melbourne. The Aussies are famed for loving their sports. They show up in tremendous crowds, and their rooting isn't restrained. And they even support track. After all, John Landy is a national hero.

In any European country, a soccer crowd makes a U.S. World Series audience look tame indeed. Russian fans, in particular, are so demanding that a couple of seasons ago the Moscow team, anxious to win the playoffs against Leningrad, drafted the entire Kiev team (which had been eliminated). All reports indicated that Moscow fans were happy with the results. That method wouldn't work here, but such fans would be welcome in many places—even in Brooklyn. **END**



THE GLAMOR MERCHANTS

Behind each show girl is an agent, busily selling her beauty and talent to the highest bidder.

EVERY GIRL in the theatrical world needs a man—her agent. He's the fellow who is supposed to keep tabs on the field for her, to keep her name before the right people, and to beg, borrow, or pressure potential job openings or auditions for her.

Selling glamor is his business—for which he sometimes collects from ten to twenty-five per cent of her earnings, the latter fee when he is also her business manager. How well he does his job often determines how well a girl

A model like Margot Doreally would never have a chance to relax if she went out and got her own modeling and acting engagements.

THE GLAMOR MERCHANTS

will eat that week. For women in show business rarely can maintain personal contact with all the adjuncts of show business. Even with the help of an agent, she generally spends so much time job-hunting as she does actually working.

Most agents will tell you their business is far from a glamorous one — that the business hours are all work and no play. Still—theirs is the type of profession that many men dream about, and that most men would pay, rather than be paid, for doing. **END**



Even girls as attractive as Sue Anne Langdon might find it hard to keep steadily employed without an agent—he has thousands of contacts, all of which may lead to job openings for models.

◀ Pat Gardner rests between night club acts. It's a hard road for such girls. In addition to full-time jobs, they must constantly make the rounds, keeping themselves "known" for future openings.

FOR FUNNY BONES ONLY

Two friends, both analysts, met one afternoon and over lunch discussed their troubles. "I sometimes get the screwiest answers from patients," the first said. "Like—what wears a skirt and gives pleasure through the lips?"

"A bag-piper, of course," the other smiled.

"Exactly. Then, one time I asked what has curves and brings out basic instincts in a man."

"Roller-coaster?"

"Sure. And what is hot and comfortable to spend a night in bed with?"

The other hesitated, then said, "Hot-water bottle."

"What else? But you'd be surprised by the weird answers I get from my clients."

Nothing helps to make a woman look more lovely than thirty martini made a man.

After ten years, the businessman returned to his beloved Alma Mater. He walked around one afternoon, looking over the campus. "Nothing seems to have changed," he said wistfully. He talked to the teachers he had studied under. "They all look the same as they did ten years ago."

Lastly, he went to the dormitories, to look at the same room he had once occupied. A freshman was there now, and nervously admitted him. The businessman looked at the dusty window, the cracked walls, and dilapidated furniture. He nodded his head. Then he suddenly opened the closet door. Inside was a girl. "I'm his sister," she said pointing at the student.

"Ah, yes," the older man said, "the same old line."



"A lot depends on your answer, Christine."

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MONSTERS



FOR SALE



One hundred times life-size are pair of heavy lovers (L) constructed by Messner and Danner for great billboard. Frighteningly realistic is the pterodactyl, monster bird that lived in prehistoric times. It was built for exhibit of animal life of that era.

Far over two decades, the fertile and fiendish imaginations of these two master craftsmen have been dedicated to scaring the public silly.

By CRAIG REEDER

THE MONSTER slowly blinked its eyes and opened its incredible jaws. All ninety feet of it swayed above the towering trees as it switched its ponderous tail. In the slate-colored sky, a giant pterodactyl, half-bird, half-eyeball, flapped its leathery wings.

This nightmare scene would be fit subject matter for a mind suffering from the last stages of delirium tremens. But actually, the monsters are real—or at least as real as the creative imagination of two mas-



One of Mesmoro and Damon's most difficult tests was the construction of mechanical study (r.) to demonstrate complicated motions of galloping horse. Small-scale stagecoach robbery in the old 'West' (l.) reproduces historical scene in authentic detail.

MONSTERS FOR SALE

ter craftsmen can make them. The inspired duo, Messrs Mesmoro and Damon, monster-makers extraordinary, are quiet, pleasant gentlemen who seem far removed from the bizarre creations which are their specialty.

For many years, these talented partners have supplied carnivals, fairs and circuses with lifelike duplicates of men and monstrosities that move in a frighteningly realistic manner. The scene described above was constructed by them for a world's fair exhibit called "A Million Years Ago."

Such amazing mechanical masterpieces are products of the marriage of science and art. With this combination, Mesmoro and Damon have built a unique industry. Their huge studio in New York's

upper east side has produced animated figures of every type and description, from gigantic prehistoric animals to miniature characters from history.

However, not all of the Mesmoro and Damon creations are monsters or figures of the past. They also produce less spectacular, but equally remarkable contrivances for advertising displays.

Perhaps the most ingenious of these is the mechanical cow featured at the International Harvester exhibit at Chicago's "Century of Progress" Exposition that breathed, moved its head, eyes, ears and jaws—and "gave milk!"

Built to demonstrate a new milking machine, the life-sized bovine was one of the partners' most difficult projects. Its construction entailed many hours of

largest creature ever to walk the earth, extinct dinosaur was another subject for Mesmoro and Damon. As George Gebel might have said, "You can't hardly get anything like that so more."



MONSTERS FOR SALE

work, demanding both artistic and engineering genius.

The first step was a clay model sculpted by Mr. Measmore from a pedigreed Holstein cow. Then a plaster mold was cast as a base for a life-sized papier maché model. This was built up in layers to a thickness of three quarters of an inch.

Later, iron pipes were inserted into the legs of the model to support the motor platform. In the machine shop, delicate surgical operations were performed to give motion to various parts of the body. The internal mechanics were so well designed that only two motors were required for its complex animation.



Finally, the papier maché model was covered with a specially-treated cow's hide. A pump concealed in the platform beneath it kept the "milk" flowing.

Over the years, the partners also have built a mammoth, a school of animals, a wiggling Fatima, and dummy paratroopers for Army training maneuvers.

So if you ever want to buy a true-to-life monster, just look up Measmore and Damon, those two wonderful wizards of the weird.

END



This tremendous cream hot body is a full-scale copy of a real live model. It startles audiences when it begins to shake with laughter.

Reclining ape waits in a cluttered corner of Measmore and Damon's studio for immediate shipment to some carnival chamber of horrors.



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Lucille Taylor had a funny dream last night—that she had walked into a field of 100 grass weeding only her neighbors.



BOLD

What better way to decorate a back cover than with a charming photo of CeeCie Warner?

